Three 6 Mafia, Jeoulous Ass Bitch

(DJ Paul)
Jealous, jealous, jealous, jealous ass bitches!
Jealous ass bitches!
Jea, Jea, jealous ass bitches! jealous ass bitches!

(Chorus - repeat 4X)
Draped up and dripped out, know what I'm talkin bout
Jealous ass bitches, let that steam out ya collar ho!

(DJ Paul)
My killas and playas
We gotta hear the speaker upon a certain subject tho
These niggas hatas so they talk shit bout us to our hoes
They talk shit tryna put salt in our peeing
These niggas being
Some hating bitches but not seein
We goin after you enemies
Anger is all in me
Graspin another clip
Infared and feel these
Cross outs
Or get tossed out
On that pizzacks
Slammed to the pavement
For a fizz (JEALOUS!)
Never really cool wit me
Hoes ya gotta put em up
Backstabbers and downers hold ya down but bitch im
bout some commers
Puttin them guns up
For ya lame
Take no charges for ya man
Toe to toe witcha hoe
No problem man we can swang bang Bitch!

(ScareCrow)
Well I be damned
Its ScareCrow, and Goddy Cally, Tomontana and Hafa
We choppin off ones on these f**kin ass bitches 'cause
they ain't got shit else to offer, Baraka
I'm only 5"5" so I love when they call me Lil' Poppa
I can't get a post, the copper so close
Less evil down here by tha dock 'cause they think they some coners
But in a lil while you f**k niggas gone need some blood doners
We ridin through India launcher
Put dirt in they launcher
They dead on the corner we comin real loca
I tell ya the nigs in my click man we comin real loca
They stayin real blow on tha snow
Always Coca Cola... but not the kind in the can
The kind in the drank cooler or in the drink stand
These niggas got faith in they strap like a crucifix
Run on there knees like the purist christian
And niggas in mafia land do not give a damn matter you penny or brands
We dont have to been that great 'cause its no smoking the
store Kalicofalilo? check yo collar

(Chorus 2X)

(Gangsta Boo)
A nova gettin money lendin niggas pimp by the Boo
They want me to smile but steady I frown
Aint nothin but gangsta up in me fool
For what its worth im takin you bitches main

Niggaz and dollars he's whinnin diamond his lady
So let that steam out yo collar
And face reallity
You cant compare when it come to misses Boo
Cant be taking no losses from none of you project ho bitches
I'm livin it up stayin down, tryna get what I can
From the 9-6 to 2G, I'm lovin money now man
So why you playa hatin
Ho you need to dig what I peep
You wonderin why you aint bail
'cause you be f**kin for free
So since you hot you better let that steam up outta your collar
I'm gettin richer and richer I love the almighty dollar

(Juicy J)
Back when I was broke
didnt nobody wanna f**k wit me
hangin wit my nigga D.
Magic in this property
snipers gaurdin niggas
wit them triggers
slangin nuttin but fruit
making junkies flip into a zone
like they on that screw
those was my itles
Dan and J. said stick to rap
'cause if you die in that shit
ima get tha gat
3 years past and I finnaly got a f**kin break
3-6 Mafia missed the styles
niggas start to hate
fo i started makin cheese
sellin tapes
underground players stay down
now they frown when I come around
but im maintaining
still drankin
hatin I cant destroy
every time I ride
All I hear is f**k witcha boy

(Chorus 2X)

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Jealous ass bitches, let that steam out ya collar ho
Draped up and dripped out
Jealous ass bitches, let that steam out ya collar ho!